

## Vision of the Wounds.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Two Hands have haunted me for days,  
Two Hands of slender shape,  
All crushed and torn, as in the press  
Is bruised the purple grape;  
At work or meals, at prayer or play,  
Those mangled Palms I see,  
And a plaintive Voice keeps whispering:  
"These Hands were pierced for thee!"  
For me, sweet Lord, for me!  
"Yes, even so, ungrateful thing!  
These Hands were pierced for thee!"

Through toils and dangers pressing on,  
As through a fiery flood,  
Two slender Feet beside mine own  
Mark every step with blood;  
The swollen veins so rent with nails,  
It breaks my heart to see,  
While the same sad Voice cries out afresh:  
"These Feet were pierced for thee!"  
For me, dear Christ, for me!  
"Yes, even so, rebellious flesh!  
These Feet were pierced for thee!"

As on the journey to the cross,  
These Wounded Feet and mine,  
Distincter still the Vision grows,  
And more and more divine—  
For in Guide's wide open Side  
The river Heart I see,  
And the tender Voice sobs, like a psalm,  
"This Heart was pierced for thee!"  
For me, Great God! for me?  
"Yes, enter in, my love, my lamb,  
This Heart was pierced for thee!"

## NO!

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

## CHAPTER II.

## AN AUNTS' NEST.

It was not pleasant for "Mrs. Manice," as she was called in distinction from Mrs. John Boyd, to have Miss Sally and Miss Maria Packhard in her house as a part of her family; but it seemed the best thing she could do. She herself had been thoroughly educated, and was accomplished besides. She was competent to educate her daughters, and when Jack was ten he was to go with Wilson, his cousin, to a good school at his Uncle John's expense.

But even with this weight off her shoulders, the interest of five thousand dollars would not pay taxes, insurance, and water rates, and feed and clothe herself and her children. Miss Sally and Miss Maria would pay her thirty dollars a week for her two front chambers, her parlour, her board, fires, lights, and washing. This was a good bargain for them, for, though they paid her nominally the same sum they paid in Dartford, there they were furnished with no extras, and had but two rooms.

Manice Boyd knew very well that all her brother-in-law had said about his aunts was true; but she had long ago learned that life was unendurable if you persist in looking only at the hard and disagreeable things in it, and she had trained herself to persistently look for whatever was good and pleasant in her way.

"If there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things," was her daily text. Now, she set herself to see what she could that was

good in this new arrangement. There was the money, for she would certainly make some profit on their board; then there was such good occasion to teach her children forbearance and courtesy to the aged, patience with other people's opinions and whims. In fact, she knew that she, too, would find a certain daily discipline extremely good for her, and since she must do something for herself, how much better it was to take relatives into her house than strangers; how much better for her to be able to keep a home for her children than to have to teach every day in some school, and leave them to a servant's care!

Mimzy—properly Jemima Slado—had lived with Mrs. Manice ever since Walter Boyd brought his young wife home to the pleasant house she still occupied, for it had been a wedding gift to her from her father-in-law, who, dying even then of a life-long but lingering ailment, had divided his property between his sons' wives, perhaps foreboding Walter Boyd's career.

Mimzy was a tall, gaunt Yankee, hard in face but soft of heart. She loved all that family as if they were her own, but she had the deepest respect for Mrs. Manice's sense and judgment.

Just now, however, it had taken much patience for Mimzy to endure the idea of Miss Sally and Miss Maria as inmates.

"They'll pester you dreadful, Mrs. Boyd!" she remonstrated. "'Tis one thing to have such folks where you can be with 'em or not, just as you're a mind to, and another thing to have 'em under foot all the time. I always did think the worst of all the plagues of Egypt was them frogs that went up into the bed-chambers and everywhere else. You'll hanker more for privacy than their board's worth. Now, take my word for 't."

"Perhaps I shall, Mimzy; but I don't expect that I or the children shall have everything just as we like it."

"I expect Jack 'll raise Neptoon with them old women. Boys is such hectors."

"And I expect Jack to behave like a gentleman, Mimzy. Moreover, I expect you to help me keep him in order."

Mimzy coloured with pleasure. It was always Mrs. Boyd's way to say "Do!" instead of "Don't!" A difference great in fact if small in speech. Mimzy was enlisted as a soldier, instead of warned as an opponent.

Just then Jack burst in from school, rosy with the keen autumn air.

"Jack," said his mother, "next week Aunt Sally and Aunt Maria are coming here to live. Now, I wish you and the girls would go into the garret and hunt up a nice box to keep their wood in. Then I will give you some cretonne if you think you can nail it on to cover the box and make it pretty."

"I can, if Nan and Ally 'll help me," said Jack, confidently. "Eat O,

mother! I want to tell you. I did say "No" in school to-day. Joe Hener wanted my top to play with, and I was 'fraid he'd split it. He said he'd kick me if I didn't let him have it. But I said 'No!' just as loud as I could holler."

"Did he kick you?" asked his mother, to gain time and keep her face straight.

"Yes, some; but it didn't hurt much. He's a real mean boy."

Mrs. Manice was a little puzzled how to set Jack's rather mixed ideas straight. She considered a moment, and then said,

"If you wanted to take Joe-Hener's velocipede should you like to have him say 'No' to you?"

"I wouldn't kick him if he did. But I guess I should be sorry."

"Then, you see, Jack, this was not one of the times to say 'No.'"

"I didn't want to be a 'fraid cat,'" said Jack, with a tone of contempt.

"But you ought to think of other people first, my boy. Never mind about being afraid of anything but doing wrong. It is no harm to be afraid of getting kicked, unless somebody wants to kick you to make you do wrong. I think if I were you I'd tell Joe to-morrow that he can play with your top a little while."

"Pr'aps I will!" said Jack, wistfully.

Just then his sisters called him, and in no longer time than it took to climb the stairs he had forgotten his trouble in the search for a box. With some help and advice from his mother it was soon covered, and then the children went out into the woods to pick up pine cones to fill a basket for kindling the aunts' fire; and one and all came home with an unconscious feeling of kindness toward the coming guests for whose comfort they had been working.

"Give, and it shall be given unto you," not necessarily in actual and similar gifts, but in the fulness of kindly feeling; the glow of benefits conferred; a tiny spark of that sort of love that gave an only Son, well-beloved, to be the crucified Redeemer of men.

This Mrs. Manice well knew. She had awakened an interest in the aunts in her children's mind, and that was the first step in their learning to treat them kindly and considerately.

There was another thing to do now. Jack's room must be given up to his mother, since she had to give up hers to the aunts, and he had to move all his possessions into an attic, which the sloping roof and small window made far less pleasant than his own sunny chamber. And this Jack did not like. His mother did not scold about his sulky face or unwilling consent. She ignored all that; it passed without notice, and early Monday morning she said,

"Come, Jack; I want my boy to help me move to-day. You take up your chairs, and Mimzy will carry the

bureau with my help. You can take the drawers one at a time. I've put a piece of that crimson parlor carpet you liked so much on your floor. There was just enough when I ripped out the worn breadths, and Alice has made such a nice curtain to hang over your clothes. You know your pigeon house is right under your window, and the pigeons like to go up there in the morning, so you'll have something better than an alarm-clock to wake you up early."

"O ain't that fun! They'll come in pr'aps, mammy, if I leave the window up. I guess they'll get awful tame."

"And think, Jack, you'll have all that story of the house to yourself. you can put what you don't want in your room into the garret, and if I ever want you in the night I can just speak out of my door up to yours."

"Why, I never thought of that! I shall be close to you, mummy, dear!"

And as Jack flung his arms round her neck and gave her a hearty hug he thought his room and his mother better than any boy ever had before. A little matter it seems to make a boy contented with his daily belongings, but

"Little things on little wings  
Bear little souls to heaven."

Aunt Sally and Aunt Maria came at the week's end, and after much fussing and much scolding they were installed in their pleasant rooms; but their first encounter with Jack was caused by the pine cones, the first day Miss Sally tried to use them to kindle her open fire.

The parlour door was flung open with a bang.

"Manice!" a shrill voice called. "Won't you send that boy of yours to take these cones away? I've got resin, or turpentine, or something, all over my hands; the things aren't fit to touch." Jack heard, and his face flushed to the temples.

"Mean old thing! when I went and picked 'em up a-purpose for her!"

"Jack," said his mother, warningly, "my boy, say 'No' to your temper; this is the time for 'No.'"

Jack turned on his heel. He felt like Jonah, that he did well to be angry, for here was a thing he had done to please Aunt Sally thrown right back at him. Mimzy felt just as he did.

"I'll pitch 'em out, Miss Boyd," she said. "They won't be wasted on me. I set by pine cones for kindlin' like everything! They don't dirt my fingers none. I know what tongs is good for, I hope!"

"No, Mimzy," said Mrs. Manice, quietly. "I want Jack to do it."

Jack looked at his mother with a troubled face, but she only smiled. His lip quivered, he picked up the basket, and in a moment of rebellious temper threw it down with a bang. Mrs. Manice said nothing: her face saddened, but she made no further sign. Jack stood first on one foot, then on the other, drummed on the door with